

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XLIV.

MARCH, 1889.

No. 8.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LATTER-DAY POETS.

APT as we are to consider science and poetry as opposite poles of thought, we too often forget their interdependence. Given the facts reached by the physicist or chemist, the philosopher makes use of them as so many sign-posts, pointing backward to the origin and forward to the destiny of the world. And what poet has not been a philosopher?

On listening to the latter-day songs of English poets, we hear, through the endless variations of verse, a common, persistent tone of unimaginable sorrow. It seems as if one voice were running through the whole scale of grief, from the first note of uneasiness to the final note of forlorn despair.

"Mere attitudinizing, foolsome sentimentality, meaningless echo of Werther," one may say. It would, indeed, be comfortable so to think, but the sincerity of the tone and its generality preclude any such stand. In the terms of the trite phrase, we must explain it and not explain it away.

The first reason for this prevalent despondency is found in the new developments of modern philosophy due to the acceptance of Darwin's doctrine by all scientists. This is pointed out very clearly by Henry T. Randolph in a recent article of *The New Princeton Review*, upon "Pessimism and Recent Victorian Poetry." The first logical outgrowth of evolution is disbelief in personal, sentient immortality. And a second consequence is the dwarfing of man's personality. Darwin sees no reason for trusting his convictions any more than a monkey's. "All sense of dignity heretofore attached to human conduct" is utterly destroyed since "all capacity for the appreciation of moral law" is annulled.

"Truth is our Divinity," said Carlyle. But if we cannot trust our convictions, we cannot reach Truth. Agnosticism arises and finds in evolution a ground for its assertion that God is unknowable. Hence, all the early faiths of Christianity are overturned at one fell blow; nay, further, all the beliefs of all preceding ages are shattered, for the divine element in man is but an illusion of his consciousness.

How horrible the thought of utter cessation at the coming of death seems to the idealist, and how useless the struggles of sentient existence! What a poor substitute for the hope of personal immortality seems George Eliot's aspiration to "join the choir invisible!" Some have tried to answer the question set by Byron:

"Are not the mountains, waves and skies a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?"

But the soul left to man by the doctrine of evolution is such a shadowy substance that they have had to find consolation in a sort of materialistic pantheism. Oscar Wilde, for instance, tells us in a strong poem with the suggestive title of "Panthea:—"

"One grand, great life throbs through earth's giant heart,
And mighty waves of single Being roll
From nerveless germ to man, for we are part
Of every rock and bird and beast and hill,
One with the things that prey on us, and one with what we kill."

"From lower cells of waking life we pass
To full perfection; thus the world grows old.
We who are godlike now were once a mass
Of quivering purple, flecked with bars of gold,
Unsentient or of joy or misery,
And tossed in terrible tangles of some wild and windswept sea."

With a kind of poetic inconsistency, the singer delights in the idea that all sensuous joys shall be prolonged by the mingling of the soul through the æons with the Kosmic soul, seemingly forgetting that life's "conscious torturing pain" must also be prolonged if the Kosmic soul possesses consciousness of pleasure. And he ends in a fine lyric outburst:

"We shall be notes in that great symphony
Whose cadence circles through the rhythmic spheres
And all the live world's throbbing heart shall be
One with our heart, the stealthy creeping years
Have lost their terrors now, we shall not die,
The universe itself shall be our immortality."

Oscar Wilde is satisfied with this sort of immortality because he fears death as putting an end to a life well worth living, and pain comes from the apprehension of death. But, indeed, the whole matter is so vaguely presented that we must not look upon it as anything but a poetic conception, and not as a philosophical system.

This pantheistic view, somewhat modified, runs in rather confused lines through much of English poetry. But it does not suit human wants any more than George Eliot's idea, and is a poor substitute for personal immortality. Yet evolution makes the latter assumption seemingly impossible. Is then future life, if it exists, without memory of the present as the present is without recollection of the past? Or is death a mere cessation, and the soul a mere illusion of the conscience, and the conscience, like other powers, so dependent upon the brain that it disappears with the latter's dissolution? All the data of science point to it.

The horror of death is constantly and continually present in William Morris' "Earthly Paradise." Listen to the first words of the prologue :

"Of heaven and hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears
Or make quickcoming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day."

As Stedman remarks, there is a tinge of fatalism in all the verse of Morris. Pleasure and pain are vanities, for death closes all. But if horror at utter annihilation were the only element of pain, forgetfulness could easily be found in the enjoyment of life's pleasures. Thus Edward Fitzgerald turns to the Epicureanism of the Astronomer-Poet of Persia. For, indeed, to quote from the preface to the latter's *Rubáiyát*, "the peculiar attitude toward religion and the old questions of fate, immortality, the origin and the destiny of man which educated thinkers have assumed in the present age of Christendom, is found admirably foreshadowed in the fantastic verses of Khayyám, who was no more of a Mohammedan than many of our best writers are Christians."

But a horror of life itself is a second noticeable element, for life's pleasures, according to the new philosophy of pessimism, are mere illusions; and here we must note in the influence of German thought a second reason for modern unrest. The writings of Shopenhauer, who wrote his principal treatise upon "The World as Will and Idea" before evolution had appeared, and those of Hartmann, who adapted the latter's teachings to the doctrines of the new science, these works, I say, have wielded a mighty power in moulding modern views of life. And Shopenhauer continually insists upon "the unspeakable pain, the wail of humanity, the triumph of evil, the scornful mastery of chance and the

irretrievable fall of the just and innocent, the strife of will with itself." Suffering springs from the will. Peace comes from freeing the will, from forgetfulness of self as individual, from pure contemplation. In an æsthetical mode of contemplation there are two inseparable constituent parts—knowledge of the object as idea, and self-consciousness as pure will-less subject of knowledge. This might explain the tone of suffering in almost all lyrical poetry. For the singer, while subject of knowing, is also conscious of himself as subject of will, of his own volition, "often as a released and satisfied desire, but still oftener as a restricted desire." The subject of knowing being identified with that of willing, the great contrast between the idea and the will is intensified to such a degree that it causes suffering in the heart of the lyrist.

But the amount of pain greatly overbalances that of happiness, for pleasure is the parabolic path which the orbit of consciousness traces; retard it or accelerate it by the thousandth of a fraction, and the ellipse or the hyperbola of pain appears.

Edgar Saltus, in his "Philosophy of Disenchantment," gives a clear, concise exposition of Hartmann's philosophy. According to him, man is least miserable when the unconscious dupe of his own illusion. But with the evolution of being, consciousness and therefore suffering increase, till the three great illusions are done away with, namely, that "happiness is now obtainable on earth;" secondly, that "it is realizable in a future state," and thirdly, that "it can be found in the march of progress through the coming centuries."

When the three illusions have disappeared, the old world will be ready for the great quietus, "the insensibility and chaos of Nirvana."

Thus freedom from pain can be found only in dreams. This is the great service of the poet, that he prevents life from becoming unendurable by prolonging the illusion and

lulling our fears to rest. The poet then should take us away from the actuality of existence. And William Morris has a good idea of his mission when he opens his prologue to "Earthly Paradise" with these words:

"Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,
Forget the spreading of the hideous town."

The poet should not seek after truth nor strive to sing of Heaven or Hell, but should build "a shadowy isle of bliss" that may ravish us from our disenchantment. And so Morris tells us:

"The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear,
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an empty day.

"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day."

But to escape from our daily tribulations and torments needs an objective imagination on the part of the thinker which few possess. Most of our modern lyrics are intensely subjective, and the cold intellectual philosophy of a Matthew Arnold is rare. The pessimism of James Thomson, for instance, is almost entirely personal. The only exception is found in "A Voice from the Nile." Here the River-God is made to boast of his unconquerable power, and to chant his victories over the frailty of man. He tells of the religions that have waxed and waned by its banks. First the Egyptian Sphinxes were hewn out of its rocks, then Greek

Paganism reared its gleaming temples, later the Christian Cross was planted by its side, and lastly the Crescent of Mohammed shines over it. All rise but to disappear. The river alone remains in all its majesty. Here the poet makes us feel the pettiness of man's greatest hopes before the impassible power of dumb nature.

But this poem, with its peculiar objectivity, is an exception. Intense personality marks all the rest of Thomson's works. They cannot be understood without a knowledge of the author's life. Brought up apart from the influences of home, in an orphan asylum, then a poorly-paid schoolmaster in the army, his lot would not have been a pleasant one even for the most stolid nature. A passionate love now opened an oasis that might have been a benediction all his days. But the death of the young girl cast a blight upon his youth and his whole future. Tortured by insomnia and tormented by the sense of isolation and despair, by his poverty and early failure, Thomson drowned remembrance in drink, and this reckless intemperance ultimately hastened his death. In appearance he is described by an essayist of the "Secular Review" as looking "like a veteran scarred in the fierce affrays of life's war and worn by the strain of its forced marches. His close-knit form, short and sturdy, might have endured any amount of mere roughings if its owner had thought it worth a care. It is rare to find so squarely massive a head combining mathematical power with high imagination in so marked a degree. Hence the grim logic of fact that gives such a weird force to all his poetry."

Of his later works, the poem on *Insomnia* is interesting as showing under what he was laboring. In it are rendered the thoughts that oppress his brain incessantly, while, solemn and monumental, the Hours of the Night, one by one, come to watch by his bed. What personal suffering is hidden under the following verses:

"Men sigh and plain and wail how life is brief;
 Ah yes, our bright eternities of bliss
 Are transient, rare, minute beyond belief,
 Mere star-dust meteors in Time's night-abyss.
 Ah no, our black eternities intense
 Of bale are lasting, dominant, immense,
 As Time which is their Creator.
 The memory of the bliss is yearning sorrow,
 The memory of the bale clouds every morrow,
 Darkening through nights and days unto the night of death."

And what suggestive power and dramatic concentration lies in the fearless realism of this stanza:

"Against a bridge's stony parapet
 I leaned and gazed into the waters black,
 And marked an angry morning red and wet,
 Beneath a livid and enormous rack,
 Glare out, confronting the belated moon,
 Huddled wan and feeble as the swoon
 Of featureless despair.
 When some stray workman, half asleep but lusty,
 Passed urgent through the rainpour wild and gusty,
 I felt a ghost already, planted watching there."

From the weird and realistic impressions evoked by these few lines, one feels that the poet has really wandered listlessly through the mirk quarters of London, and, like so many unfortunates, looked with eager gaze into the dull waters of the Thames, as they flowed from under the bridge, from out the darkness, into the fresh, open sea.

The work, however, that gave to Thomson his reputation is the "City of Dreadful Night." This has a prototype in a youthful poem: "The Doom of a City." In form there is no great change. But the spirit of the two is wholly different. In the earlier we find belief in Providence and in the immortality of the soul, and the purpose is to reconcile the belief in a benevolent Creator with the existence of evil in the world. The "City of Dreadful Night" consists of a brief proem and of twenty-one short cantos. The purpose

is the portrayal of a condition of absolute despair under the allegory of a city. It is far superior to the early production because strongly knit and powerfully concentrated. The series of pictures evolved one by one are bound by a resistless logic. The city itself, with its "causeways and bridges," might be London, but a London idealized as the symbol and abode of despair, a mystic city that disappears with the dawn like a dream, but it is a dream that recurs so often and in such order that it cannot be discerned from real life. The city, as has been pointed out, is not a scene of devastation; on the contrary, it is not ruinous; the "street lamps always burn." There are no sounds of lamentation; the silence fills with awe, for the mourners are too despairing to vent their grief in clamor. They have but one certitude, that of death. Faith, Hope and Love are dead. How, then, can life proceed? The inhabitant answers:

"Take a watch, erase
The signs and figures of the circling hours,
Detach the hands, remove the dial face;
The works proceed until run down, although
Bereft of purpose, void of use, still go."

A river flows dark and deep through the city, the River of the Suicides. In it those eager for death may forerun "the perfect peace eventual in the grave." The Patroness of the City of Night is Albert Dürer's "Melencolia." Titanic she gazes over her capital, and from her glance

"The strong drink new strength of iron endurance,
The weak new terrors, all renewed assurance
And confirmation of the old despair."

The sermon of the Preacher in the cathedral, in which a biological conception of the Universe is presented, is very interesting. Very striking, also, is the XX lyric, in which the immutability of the laws of life is symbolized by the couchant Sphinx and the successive changes of the angel that stood before it, hand on hilt, into a warrior leaning on

his sword, then into an unarmed man with raised hands, who falls himself shattered, while his trunkless head lies between the monster's quiescent paws.

As a type James Thomson is even more interesting than as an individual, for he represents the despondency and unrest of an age whose faiths are being overturned—in this case through the influence of Evolution and under the light of German thought.

Pessimism is negative. As a philosophy of life it is practically impossible. Its foes are Christianity and Socialism; for the Socialist, pessimist as regards the present, is optimist in his views of the future.

To those who ask with the despondency of Philip B. Marston, in his poem on "False Rest and True Rest,"—

"What hast thou set me in my dear hope's place
But thy stern truth, with white, implacable face,
Cold eyes, shut lips, clenched hands and barren breast?
I stand of all my sweet faith dispossessed—
Discrowned with my belief."

—the scientist, with the assurance that skepticism is the path to Truth, answers with full certitude—

"Lift up and fix on truth thy timorous eyes,
Till they can tolerate her awful skies.
Thy rest was warm and sweet, but could it save?"

W. L. M.

THE PYRENEES HERDSMAN.

"A GUIDE to the top Monsieur? This way!
There is fine, clear air for a view to-day.
Mind that oak-bush, if you please;
They are only a half metre high, but trees
That are sturdy and tall in the valley below,
Up here in the mountains cease to grow,
And are more like bushes. Around this bend

We have the view of the other end
Of the winding valley, far below.
Beyond it, rising to endless snow,
The lion-like Maladetta chain,
With ice-crowned head and cloudy mane.
The Pic de Néthou on the right,
With dazzling Pique Blanche, fiercely white,
Tier upon tier, and peak upon peak,
Lifts itself skyward, lonely and bleak
And grand, where terrible solitude reigns
'Mid the cold, stern snow of the Pyrenees chains!
No wonder you gaze, 'tis a marvelous view,
'Tis always changing and ever new.

"From earliest spring, till the winter's snow
Drives me down to the valley below,
I stay by my cabin, the only man
That lives on the top of the Col d' Aspin;
Alone with my cattle for company
And only the echo to answer me.
I've a lonely life, Monsieur, and the days
When all is lost in the mountain haze
And hour after hour as I wander around,
Or sit alone on the soaking ground,
With nothing to think of, or nothing to do,
Or nothing to hear but the lonely 'moo'
Of the straying cows, or the distant cry
Of the eagle, my very thoughts will die,
And I long to hide in the mist that holds
The mountains and plains in its ghostly folds.

* * * * *

"Pray hasten Monsieur! We've no time to choose,
Or twilight will cover the plain of Toulouse.
Here's the summit at last! Do you feel repaid
For the half-hour's scramble you just have made?

"They tell me, Monsieur, that great mountains rise
At the end of the plain, past the reach of our eyes,
Which tower above this Pyrenees range;
That the people have language and dress which is strange;
That far off that way, rolls a blue, heaving sea;
That great cities lie; and those streams which we see,
Lead to great, rolling rivers, which bear on their tide
White vessels that wing distant seas far and wide!

"Tis a glorious vista! On such a day
When nature is glad, and the whole world gay,
My heart will open, my thoughts will rise,
And I glory to wander so near to the skies
On the tops of these mountains, supernal and free,
And the rocks and the peaks seem to smile upon me!
When the morning cliffs glow with the sun's gilding tide,
I come to this rock on the mountain's steep side,
And carol a song to my only friend
To catch the reply that the echo will send."

GLEAMS MANIFOLD.

"See the plain, sparkling bright
In the sun's parting light!
How gladly it smiles
For hundreds of miles!
See its winding streams
Catch the glinting beams
Of the setting sun,
While, one by one,
The deepening shades
Touch the wooded glades
And darken the browns
Of the clustering towns,
And deepen the green
Of the foliage sheen,
As they onward creep,
While the tints grow deep.
The waving grain,
Besprent by the rain
Which the mountain sends
To its lowlier friends,
Like a sea of gold.

ECHO SONG.

"Hulla, hullo! Hulla, hullo!
Awake ye rocks in the cliffs below!
Ye crags above, awake and fling
An answer to the song I sing!
"The day is here, the mountain peaks
Reflect the sun's first gilding streaks.
Hulla, hullo! Wake and reply
In answer to the words I cry!
"Tell me I am not all alone.
Tell me in words, though but my own.
No other voice will reply to me,
So waken and give me your sympathy!

"The day is here, the mountain peaks
Reflect the sun's first gilding streaks.
Awake ye cliffs above, below!
Hulla, hullo! Hulla, hullo!"

"The plain is almost gone from sight!
Farewell, fair plain, good night, good night!
I love thee for thy smiling face,
I love thee as a land of grace.
Perhaps some day I'll leave these hills,
Where cold wind blows and damp mist chills,
And go where earth more freely yields
Her treasures in thy fertile fields.
One step, Monsieur, from where we gaze
And I could end these lonely days!
One plunge from off that rock above
Would take me to the plain I love!
That's how I feel when darkness comes
And all my strength of will succumbs!

—But once, a priest in the valley below,
Told me a wonderful story. And so,—

Here I remain, with the plain in view—
Shall we descend? Mark the heavy dew
And the evening chill! How the golden light
On those mountain-tops makes them strangely bright,
While all the rest the darkness holds,
Plain, hills and valleys, in its folds."

W. F. D.

A VINCIBLE MUSSULMAN.

IT WAS early in the morning of the 7th of May, a few days before my departure from the city. I had for the past two weeks been planning for a trip up the Bosphorus, to gaze for the last time on scenes so familiar to me. At last the opportunity had come. I was to start early on this memorable morning—memorable for the coincidences of the day.

None of the family were astir when I quietly left my sanctum in Pera. The streets were almost deserted, except where a few venders were listlessly trudging up the rugged pavement, evidently not expecting to meet with any sales at such an early hour. At one corner lay a group of dogs, curled up and sleeping. The pangs of famine had awakened some of them, and, raising their lazy bones, they were looking around in quest of food. All was a dead stillness, except the sonorous echo of my own footsteps.

I kept up a rapid pace, and now climbing up some incline, now jumping down a declivity, now ascending a stone staircase, now sinking into the mud, and finally, after clambering over a hundred obstacles, found myself upon the bridge which extends out over the "Golden Horn," connecting Pera with Stamboul. Here the scene was somewhat changed. The cry of the Turkish porter, "Varda" (clear the way), of the water-seller, "Varme-su," of the Greek newspaper vender, "Neologos," gave indications of approaching day.

The early morn, the drowsy scene before me, and the soft, quiet motion of the sea, rather tended to heighten the effect of my early rising, and I stepped into a neighboring café to sip a cup of coffee. Here I was met by the cold, stern gaze of the inmates, all of whom I discovered to be Mussulmans. At the further corner not a few of them were now standing up, and now bending their knees to the Prophet of Allah. I knew, therefore, that their stern countenances bespoke of hatred to "Giaours." It was no place for an Armenian.

The steamer which was to carry me up the Bosphorus was to leave within half an hour, so I immediately went on board. Everything was quiet there, except the waves, which caressed the sides of the steamer with a gentle murmur. At the prow lay a crowd of Turks, with their faces turned toward the holy city of Mecca, and not far from them a few Albanians. Walking towards the stern, I beheld a group of pretty daughters of Athens, with red caps, and hair falling in tresses over their shoulders, who, the instant

anyone looked at them, turned towards the sea, in order to display their profiles. Further along sat a group of Jewesses in antique costume. I climbed up the deck to view for the last time the surrounding scenery.

Although in the month of May, the weather had something gloomy about it, and the overhanging clouds seemed to contribute their mourning to this city of a falling empire. Well might the European powers wait in eager anticipation to grasp this prey. The sight I beheld was indeed imposing. Our steamer lay at anchor at the mouth of the "Golden Horn" and the entrance to the Bosphorus, right where the three cities meet. To the west, and projecting into the sea of Marmora, was Stamboul, covered with domes and shaded with cypress trees, beyond which the roofs of St. Sophia were visible. Right in front of us lay Pera, the Christian quarter of the city, while on our south, Scutari, with its mosques and minarets, stretched out into the sea. The city, which may be said to extend up to the Black Sea on both sides of the Bosphorus, could be seen stretching far off along the distant horizon. When I contemplated the vastness and wonderfulness of the city's aspect from our position, well could I account for the ambitious glances which civilized Europe casts on this glorious empire. All the rough and distasteful elements of the streets, avenues and houses lay hidden from view, and I was greeted instead by the splendor of mosques, minarets, palaces, dome-surmounted baths and royal tombs, each towering one above the other. Well could I picture to myself the bazaar, as brilliant and as fascinating as a cavern of jewels described in a fairy tale—

"A dusky empire with its diadems,
One faint eternal eventide of gems."

In the harbor itself the interest was increased by the presence of the English, Russian, French and Austrian fleets, which lay heaving slowly in the morning twilight and straining their cables, a suggestive image of restrained, yet expectant ambition.

I was, on the whole, deeply impressed with the three sole ideas which the Moslems possess—that of religion, enjoyment and death. These were respectively represented by the mosques and minarets, baths and beautiful fountains, with their gilded lattices, within which the element is jealously guarded, and lastly, by the cemeteries and imperial tombs, which swathed the sides of the hills.

I stood gazing on these scenes with mingled feelings of regret, awe, sorrow and compassion. Every dome, every tower, every mosque, every square, recalled some prodigy or some carnage, some love or mystery, or prowess of a Padishah, or caprice of a Sultana. There was a considerable delay, peculiar to the East, before the steamer started. But so impressed was I with the awfulness of the scene that, if our delay had lasted ten times as long, I should not have been tired of gazing at the prospects around me on every side. At length the steamer weighed anchor, and I was, for the last time, to sail by the very shores which the memory of heroes has so highly consecrated.

We had now begun to make headway up the Bosphorus. So given up was I to my own thoughts that I did not notice the presence of a Mussulman, who was seated at some distance from me. Whenever I looked in his direction my eyes met his, dark, cold and gloomy, fixed upon me. I could hear the sound of the water in his "Narghilé," which resembled the purring of so many kittens. I had gazed on many a Mussulman, I had bargained and conversed with them, but the searching look and general character of this particular one struck me as very odd. He seemed to have lost his serious and self-contained expression. He appeared to be unconscious of his position or of the objects about him. His look was that of one contemplating a distant horizon. A vague sadness hovered round his mouth, like one accustomed to live much alone and shut up within himself. He, nevertheless, seemed to be endowed with a certain dignified and aristocratic air. He certainly

exercised a deadening weight upon my mind. I felt a mysterious power drawing me toward him. At last I stood up, and paced up and down the deck. Then suddenly stopped where he sat and gazed him full in the face. There he sat. His well formed head, aquiline nose, brilliant eyes, prominent jaw and extended chest all adding to his weighty character. At length, raising his eyebrows, he greeted me with a "Merhabah" (peace). Ah! thought I to myself, how can there be peace between you and me; between a haughty Turk and a member of that race who, in their captivity, have clung to their ancestral institutions with a strict fidelity; between a believer in Mohamet and a Christian in faith and spirit. I, however, gave him an equivalent greeting and sat down. He was breathing heavily, and evidently in a deep melancholy mood. To divert his attention, therefore, I began to make some remarks on the beautiful scenery around us. Before I was aware, I had unconsciously made some allusions to the decline of the Turkish empire. I had touched his tenderest feelings. His national sensibilities were aroused, as, with an air of heavy sedateness, he asked me to go no further. His anger and excitement were kindled to the highest pitch, and in trying to take another puff at his "Narghilé," the smoke choked him, and he seemed to curse my very presence. I sat transfixed with horror, expecting some violence from this unknown Turk, to whom I gave the appellation "Hadji Effendi." "Are you not aware," he said, "that you, a Giaour, are talking with a believer in the true faith? Mohamet is great, and his empire can never be doomed to perish. The same enthusiasm and valor which led us to the gates of Vienna will still enable us to witness the dawn of better times. Know you not that a new dynasty from the holy city of Mecca is soon to be established? That through the strenuous endeavors of the coming Sultan, a new spirit of life will be infused into this old and decrepit empire? By reanimating

the religious sentiment with which the whole social polity of Mohametan nations is absolutely identified, he will restore the old prestige to the empire. This city will revive its old institutions by a reflux of knowledge, and make it one of the strongest powers of Europe. He will remodel the army, and place it on a footing with the greatest armies of the world, carrying fire and sword to the very thrones of Europe." As he spake these words his eyes glistened, he sat erect, and, raising his hand with a rough gesture, cast a fierce glance at me. I instinctively drew back, and would have given anything to betake myself from his presence with propriety. He had worked up his imagination to such a pitch that he failed to notice my embarrassment.

Thus, the Turkish Empire crumbles to pieces, while the Turk sits and dwells in his imagination.

His ardor and enthusiasm now began to abate a little, and he gave himself up once more to his melancholy thoughts. This gave me a chance to survey the beautiful scenery on both shores. We were now within sight of "Beshiktash," a town about three miles up the Bosphorus.

Here on the very edge of the water stands the largest and handsomest palace of the Sultan. The side of it which fronts the sea is adorned with a long colonnade of white marble. The palace was casting a wavering shadow on the water, which slightly obscured the gilded lattices, behind which the inmates of the harem are hidden. The interior of this precinct has seldom been seen by a European eye, and, indeed, it will be at the risk of his life, if either Turk or stranger, not belonging to that place, should set his foot within those premises. I was assured, however, that the apartments of that harem were as splendid as velvet and silk, gold and ivory, mirrors and marbles can make them, and readily believed them as rich and gorgeous as those described in "The Castle of Indolence."

The breeze wafted to us a full fragrance from the gardens, which rose, terrace above terrace, along the steep slopes of the hill behind the place, and I could catch the sound of minstrelsy, or hear the laugh of the captive beauties, probably listening to the thrilling tale of some strolling rhapsodist.

In front of the palace lay the Turkish fleet. We were, in fact, within a most imposing sight of the Bosphorus. There was the strength of the empire represented in the fleet which lay at anchor. The glory of the empire represented by the palace, with all its inmates and surroundings. It seemed natural, therefore, that our "Hadji Effendi" should take a pride in all these and increase his enthusiasm. But what was my surprise to see him droop his head and cast averse glances towards the palace. Then, staring me full in the face—and I never beheld such a woe-stricken countenance—"do you see that palace?" he said; "from it have come many an evil to unfortunate wrecks." He was literally choked with grief, and, giving a violent cough, gave himself up again to his own reflections.

Some painful recollections had evidently been awakened in him. He looked like one who had undergone painful experiences. I burned with eager curiosity to draw out his account from him, as I had begun to be somewhat interested in him.

Drawing myself, therefore, close beside him, I eagerly searched his gaze in a listening attitude. He raised his head once more, looked round to see if anyone else was listening, then adjusting himself comfortably in his seat, began, in a most serious manner, his wonderful story.

"I was brought up in the family of a wealthy Pasha, my parents having died when quite young. From my youth up I dreamed of great things for the empire, and applied myself diligently to the education of my mind. I was now quite old and had been promised the hand of Fatima, daughter of my late guardian, who, having died, bequeathed her to me. She was *one* in the whole empire, and I loved

her as I had never loved before. I only met her twice, and that with my stepmother. But for me to attempt to describe her would be vain. Intellectual in expression she was, as well as of pliant grace and full of dignity. Her large black eyes beamed with a soft radiance; her complexion was exquisite. Around her lips was wreathed an expression pleasurable and pathetic, which ever and anon broke forth into a smile. And in all her soft and graceful beauty, there was that touch of purity that made her to me at once a thing divine.

"The Russo-Turkish war broke out. Her mother bade me go, like a faithful follower of Mohamet, to fight for my country. In my fancy I pictured deeds of valor, and a glorious return to receive my lovely Fatima, as a reward for my perils. No second word was wanting. A sudden desire to set out seized me. I burned with a zeal to slay thousands of 'Giaours,' who dared to set foot on the sacred soil of my native land."

I shuddered at the thought.

"The next morn found us well on our way and soon we were upon the field of battle. Allah had not given victory to his faithful followers. Plevna was taken, and consternation filled our ranks. Our approach was hailed with gladness. At once we were arrayed in line to check the advance of the victorious Russians. Fear and reason alike deserted me, and left me even as a wild beast, to kill and slaughter. Prodigies of valor I performed. Often death was threatened, but I heeded it not. Allah had decreed that I should survive the perils of war. I was awarded the "Star and Crescent" for the deeds I had done. With a heart full of joy and gladness, I returned home. But to see Fatima again was not given me by the fates. She had become the bride of another. I was paralyzed, but still retained hope of winning her.

"It was an evening of a beautiful day that I went to see my stepmother and demanded from her an account of this

heinous treachery, which, you see, has rendered my life a blank void. I opened the gate of the garden, and as I proceeded toward the house, beheld Fatima sitting behind the latticed window. Suddenly the door of the house opened, and there stood the man—and I well knew who he was. We stood and gazed at each other in blank amazement and hatred. There was no long parley, and we were soon engaged in a most violent conflict. I fought with a desperation of grief. I had him in my power. One second and he would have been no more. To spare a life I looked up with a mingled expression of anger and sorrow. She gazed at me coldly, and as the words "spare him" fell upon my ears, an agonizing shock went through my system. I spared his life for her sake, but vowed vengeance to the whole world, and swore a reckless and aimless life. I am now going up to revel in my 'Kiosk' during the summer months, and Allah knows where I shall be next."

He spoke, drooped his head and gave vent to feelings of deep melancholy. His account was invested with a tragic interest, and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. I saw that he was deeply wronged, though he himself had contributed to his misery as well. Could Mohamet give rest and peace to such a troubled soul?

I tried, without grating against his religious associations and his pride of race, to speak to him of a place where the weary are at rest, of a peace which passeth all understanding, of a Saviour crucified, of a life beyond the grave, of a Father's forgiveness, love and tender care. He raised his sad countenance. I could clearly discern in that gaze an expression of a violent struggle. But he would not speak.

We had now come to the place of his disembarkation.

He rose mechanically, descended the gangway, and without looking right or left, and without uttering a single word, he left the steamer. I had followed him below. I now re-ascended the deck and watched with eagerness for some farewell greeting, some movement that should reveal the secret of that thoughtful mind.

He had, with an unsteady gait, begun to climb the slopes of the hill. The trees and shrubs were on the point of hiding him from my view, when suddenly he stopped, turned around and waved his hand. His melancholy eye rested on me for the last time as he passed away. Yes, he gazed on me. That gaze in which there was something of recognition. His former vacant, inanimate expression had vanished, and I thought, as he raised his eyebrows, that a serene lustre pervaded his countenance; that he was dwelling in a different sphere; that he had won a great victory within these last few minutes. He pointed his finger toward heaven, and I saw him no more, as the steamer bore me away.

The sun, which brings joy and gladness to the coming day, was now beaming with its full radiance, and I thought it an emblem of the light which was shining in that vincible Mussulman's heart.

M. M. MINASSIAN.

LOST LOVE.

AN idol once—now shattered like a dream
From which one wakens with a cruel start,
Love serves but to set free a quiet stream
Of tender memories which to the heart
Are dearer far than earthly things could seem.

'Tis sad to part from memories so dear,
Yet partings must be made, e'en though they be
A sorrow deep, the cause of many a tear,
From which, perchance, the loved one may be free,
But to the lover all the world seems drear.

A single act may bring such bitter pain.
A missive sent, a gift the dear one gave
To deep regret and day-long dreaming chain
The longing heart, till then a faithful slave,
A heart that gave its life and love, in vain.

S. H. SHEPARD.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

IN THE development of her literature, as of her nationality, America stands unique among nations. As the American nation is an offshoot of the English nation, so her literature is an offshoot of English literature. But just as a body of citizens alone do not essentially constitute a nation, so language alone does not make a literature. Each is dependent upon the variant conditions, aims, methods and results peculiar to itself. By reason of there being no essential difference between the two languages, however, each nation has kept pace with the ideas of the other, and the literature of each has influenced the other, hence it is a very difficult matter for the critic to distinguish between them.

Literature began early in America, but it cannot be called distinctively American until the latter part of the eighteenth or the beginning of the nineteenth century. So rapid has been its development that now, after a period of ninety years, we possess a literature of which we may justly be proud, being filled as it is with standard works in almost every department.

While literature in America cannot be called embryonic, yet it is so comparatively young and partially developed that the outlook is, to say the least, flattering. At the same time there are certain influences tending to impede its progress. The first and perhaps most important of these is that our nation is practically in its infancy, or formative period. There is a greater necessity for leaders in law and politics to guide the nation safely through the various crises attending its progress, than for literary men. But this demand has grown gradually less during the last fifteen or twenty years of peace. Yet, according to the report of the nation's most vigilant watchmen, we have entered upon, if, indeed, we are not fairly into, the greatest crisis ever visited upon a nation, that arising from

the convulsions of society. This certainly calls for the undivided and untiring attention of the most conservative minds, to safely meet the perplexing problems which are now forcing themselves upon us. Literature, also, will be indirectly benefited by this to a certain degree, but will necessarily be impeded in so far as the workers' attention is absorbed in the solution of those problems. This adverse tendency, however, is exerting a much less influence upon literature since our country, in the progress of her development, has become more established in the principles of a healthy, peaceful and progressive self-government. The claims of a patient, sound and far-reaching education are being more strenuously advocated than ever before, for the wide-awake American clearly understands that upon education mainly depends the maintenance of our unrivalled government. Not only the government, but the strength of literature depends wholly upon a firmly rooted, wide-spreading education. For this reason we may look for a steady, natural growth of sound literature. Richardson wisely remarks: "America will have fewer leaders in the years to come, but it will have as many workers. In a period of peace many of these workers naturally turn to literature. Wars have done little for American literature; peace has done much and will do more."

To the formation of a young republic may also be attributed another counteracting influence upon strong literary development, and that is, that life-long devotion to the service of literature is so rare in an American. Few consider it as one of the highest exercises of patriotism. But it is gratifying to note the growth of the sentiment, that he who serves his fellow-men best serves his country most. And who will attempt to deny the powerful and wide-spreading influence a man may exert for the truth through the medium of the press? The age of ignorance and superstition is passed, and the man of to-day is only influenced by that which appeals to his reason.

Work in the United States is too often done in a hurry. Money-getting is a prevalent mania. Time and talent are sacrificed to it. *Æsthetics* surrender to the service of mammon. After a man's death, his success in life is often—alas too often—measured by his material, not his intellectual attainments. In the grand rush for gold and popularity which characterizes this age, man's baser nature dominates. This malady has entered the literary as well as the physical life, and threatens the moral and literary health of our country, by thrusting upon the market quantities of nauseating trash in the form of base literature—the product of sensual, passionate minds—for the love of money. This not only tends to weaken American literature, but also to poison the minds of an army of readers, whose taste otherwise would be trained and cultivated, by true works of art, to love and appreciate “the good, the pure and the beautiful.”

To turn from the dark and unpromising side of our literary outlook, let us glance for a moment upon the bright dawn which promises to break into perfect day. In the first place, “a people essentially peaceable, in all classes, is sure to be a tolerably well educated people, and, therefore, one affording a good basis for literary work.” By a retrospective glance at our already copious literature, it will be found that the law “writing follows reading” has been followed; that wherever sound education has been cultivated, sound literature has been gathered. Education was first established in New England, and from thence sounded long and loud the first call for thorough intellectual training, which is being reverberated throughout the whole land. Wherever education has extended her omnipotent arms and planted schools and colleges, there, clustering around them, have been, and are still, being formed, valuable outgrowths of literature. The tidal wave is moving. The West and South are destined to play a very considerable part in our literature of the future.

To freedom of thought and expression is due very largely

the marvelous growth of American literature. A person is entirely free to give expression to whatever thoughts or opinions he may have in mind. Hence, the encouragement and stimulus given to written thought, because his sphere of influence may thus be infinitely widened. Here, again, intellectual training puts in her claim—learning and literature inseparable—for his influence is enhanced in proportion to his degree of intellectual independence. He then holds the undisputed right to be read. "High intellectual independence is sure to produce literature sooner or later, when it recognizes the real bounds of its freedom and gathers schools and scholars about it."

Our literature is being expanded with wondrous rapidity in almost every department. Countless avenues are opened, through the freedom of the press, for literati, scientists and novelists, in the form of papers and periodicals. Through these as a medium a very large percentage of the best thought in the country is brought before the reading public and is enthusiastically received. Indeed, journalism is the most popular form of literature in our country in the sense that "it actually reaches more minds and influences more minds than any other form." And in this age of Sunday papers it often supersedes the Bible. Next comes the host of monthlies, quarterlies and reviews—a most glorious array—the pride of the American press. These, as a general thing, are admirably edited, containing, as they do, productions of the best minds of the country in the form of essays, disputations, historical researches, fiction, and, in fact, every conceivable form of literature upon all subjects—past, present and future. There are magazines which are devoted exclusively to the separate departments of religion, science, and literature proper; while, at the same time, there are scores which make no discrimination, but are open alike to all subjects. In these periodicals any person of sufficient ability is free to express his thoughts upon any subject within the range of morality and decency upon his own responsi-

bility, and is alike free to criticise and be criticised. Who shall say that these do not add a most important element to our literature? The demand for it is constantly increasing, and the supply is keeping pace with the demand. A most favorable outlook, indeed, for the future American literature. Its value as a stimulus is by no means small.

Since the birth of literature, it has taken upon itself two distinct primary forms, that of prose and poetry—poetry being the earliest and most natural form, but by no means the simplest. The distinctive faculties employed are, in the one case, the intellect, in the other the feelings and imaginations. The object of the one is instruction; of the other, pleasure. America has certainly great reason to be proud of her long line of illustrious poets, who have immortalized her glory, her mountains, lakes and rivers, her “legends and traditions,” in poetry and song. Her greatest poets have departed, and have indeed left behind them “foot-prints on the sands of time” to guide those who shall come after them. A few still remain, but in this matter-of-fact age there is every reason to believe that poetry will yield to prose. The time has passed when poetry alone was the product of the feelings and imagination, or when it was the only object of prose to instruct. He may be considered mad who thinks there is no beauty in prose, or that our deepest feelings and emotions cannot be thrillingly expressed except in the garb of metre. The prevailing form of American poetry is lyric, as amply illustrated by all our poets. Few have attempted the epic or dramatic. The outlook for poetry does not seem to be very promising. But it remains for America to produce that grand and sublime character—possessed of an original, inventive and inspired mind, whose imagination, using its best work, shall transcend the yet unequalled epic triad of Greece, Rome and England, and produce an epic worthy to be called the crowning piece of human poetical genius.

Didactic and descriptive narration in prose are the ascendant forms of American literature. Didactic as illustrated in the contributions of theology, philosophy and science, which are coming more and more into prominence. Above all, the literature that may be classed under the form of descriptive narration is rapidly gaining the ascendancy. Of this form, history is an important element. The desire for historical research has been growing rapidly. More attention is being given to this subject than ever before. Beyond this, the element of fiction in all its forms is speedily growing in popularity, and promises great things in the future if only some curbing and training power were exerted in behalf of some true geniuses that have arisen among us. These, not knowing their power, are apt to run wild, and thus bring to naught a literary career that otherwise might have been used to the greatest advantage.

It is in this direction that the special literary development in the South is tending. Revival of literature follows necessarily upon revival of learning; therefore, we are led to predict that the South, as its educational and political development goes on, will bring forth a literature equaling in its wealth of power and beauty the highest productions of American genius.

The South is bending its efforts earnestly toward the betterment of its educational institutions. Southern literature has failed to equal that of the North, not because it has lacked the power of leadership, intellectual strength, culture or external inspiration, but because of the influence of colonialism and the State and sectional pride of the Southern critics.

"With the removal of slavery and the development of education, inventive genius appears, factories, schools and libraries rise side by side, and literature begins to share in the strength once monopolized by law and politics." The future literature of the South will be abundantly able to take care of itself, whatever Northern critics or "Southern

adulators" may say. The environment remains the same, but the stimulus to literary productiveness is more powerful. New and novel forms are promised from regions not yet revealed, like the unique and interesting styles of Charles Egbert Craddock and Amelié Reeves.

In view of all that has been said, surely our country is destined to become the literary star of the world, and to bring forth master minds in intellect and imagination, who shall render their names immortal upon the pages of history.

V. V. NICHOLAS.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

THE smiling face of summer's day,
May frown with clouds before the night;
The bursting buds bloom fresh and gay,
Yet fade and fall with sudden blight.

Within a life of sunlit skies,
The storms of passion rage and roll;
Shut light and love from longing eyes,
And gloomy shadows wrap the soul.

Anon the veil is rent away;
The glowing sun reveals his form;
Their silver fringe the clouds display;
The air is purer for the storm.

At eventide, at death of day,
The fleecy clouds present a screen
On which the changing tints portray
The glories of a sunset scene.

D. L. PIERSON.

A FATAL REALISM.

YES, I was poor; this is the sole excuse I can plead for my deed. You do not know what it is to be poor, but I know. It is to have no food, no joy, no hope. It is misery, want and despair. It is to some, crime and death. This is what it brought to me.

I was a young writer, and they are always poor. Few men knew human nature as thoroughly as did I, and this, I knew, was the first requisite of a writer. For I aspired to be a novelist—one who should wield and mould men at his will; make them now weep, and now shudder, at the portrayal of a love stronger than death, or a hatred, cruel as the grave.

Ah, I cannot tell you how I worked in those days. I had ambition—ambition that hesitates at nothing to gain its desires. Again and again I told myself that I would sacrifice anything, everything, pleasure—yes, life—for fame. Fame! How I gloried in the thought that some day the world, that now despised and scoffed, would bow to me—to me! For I had sworn it.

I remember when I first thought of my book. That must have been—ah, how long ago? A year, I think, at least. It came to me like a lightning-flash—an inspiration. For more than two years I had toiled alone in my empty room, unrecognized and unknown. Finally, despair seized upon me—despair that knows no hope—blank, dark, numb despair. And it was in one of my darkest hours that the idea came to me. All in its completeness the plot flashed upon me, even in its details, clear and distinct. I did not ask myself if it were good; I knew, I felt instinctively that it would succeed. Never had I had a conception of such weird power—so unique in its character, so admirable in its development, so sombre and terrible in its conclusion, yet withal, so true to nature—as that which sprang up in my mind, a finished thing.

All that night I did not move from my chair. I did not sleep; I hardly stirred. Act by act, scene by scene, I went over the plot. The fire died, the lamp flickered and sunk, but I heeded not. As I went on the walls disappeared. I was no longer in my dingy, stifling attic, whose single window looked out upon the tall chimneys and blackened roofs, but in a foreign land, in the great city, and about me were the rustle of silks, the polished, studied compliments, the sheen of mirrors and the music of the dance. Then the light faded as I went down, down, to the haunts of crime and misery, where the end was to be wrought out.

The gray light of early morning was shifting in through the dusty pane when I roused myself. I felt no need of sleep; I was not even tired. My writing materials lay before me, and without pause I began.

I do not know how I lived through those few long months. I have thought of it many times since. I had no money, yet I did no more of the copying I had resorted to in the past, when all else failed. All my time I gave to my book. I worked upon it constantly, and upon it alone. I spared no pains nor labor; it was to be perfect in every way.

How well I remember those days of toil! Sometimes I wrote rapidly, swiftly; at other times I spent hours over a single line. All the pent-up thoughts and desires, the throbbing passions, and the restless ambition—all that I knew was mine—I poured them out upon the paper. For the character that stood out in boldest relief in my work was another *I*. I kept nothing back; concealed nothing. What I had, I gave to him; he and I were one. I wondered sometimes, as I wrote, if the world would guess that under my living breast surged and tossed the same passions, the same desires, as my hand there laid bare to its gaze.

No one will ever guess what my work grew to be to me. I thought of nothing else. Day after day, week after week, I wrote until, insensibly, my mind connected itself with it. The events I sketched began to seem definite realities. The

same feelings and emotions that swayed my other self swayed me. When he was joyous, I was glad; when he despaired, I was cast down. I sometimes realized this feeling and tried to shake it off, but I soon found that when it was absent I could not write; so I gave myself up to its influence.

It was when this had gained great power over me that I began the latter portion of my book—what was to be the climax. And that climax was to be the greatest crime of which man can be guilty—the slaying of his brother-man.

There was one other whom I had made one of my characters—a fellow-lodger—a man I had studied until I knew him well. All other characters were fictitious save myself and him. Now, in the scene I was to describe, this man was to be the victim, and the murderer—myself!

I had arranged in my own mind all the details. The murderer was to entice his victim to a lonely spot, and there accomplish his purpose. I had even thought of the scenery. It should be moonlight; there should be trees near, and perhaps a stream of water where the murderer might remove all traces of tell-tale color from his attire before he flees from the guilty spot. You see I had planned it all.

So, day after day, I toiled onward toward the end.

I had nothing in the world against this man—this fellow-lodger of mine—indeed, he had befriended me; but as I wrote, I hated him. As, in my book, I grew to regard him with steadily-growing dislike that at length blossomed into hatred, so, in the same degree, did I feel that hatred growing in my living heart. Occasionally, as he passed my door, he would look in and nod in a friendly way; he did not see the glance of hate—cruel, bitter hate—that lurked in my eyes.

It was early spring when I drew near the end. I was unstrung with the long-continued labor. All was finished, save that one chapter upon which I felt depended so much. Even the concluding one which followed it was done; all

save that alone. Without it, I believed that all my work would go for naught; with it, I felt that it must win me the fame I coveted. Again and again I wrote, only to destroy what I had written. I went over it; tried to imagine it in all its ghastliness. But, try as I might, it was in vain. I could not; absolutely, I could not. To write it, one must *know*, and I—.

I could tell you why I started, and shuddered, and peered back over my shoulder into the empty corners of the room! It was because a thought had come to me—a thought I did not dare whisper, even to myself. It was early afternoon when it came, and until far into the night I fought it, but it grew in my brain and bound my will. Just as the clocks from the spires that watched over the city clanged out the hour of midnight, I raised my head from my hands. The die was cast.

There is no need to tell all the particulars. I had selected, in my own mind, the spot. It lay a little way from the city—a lonely place at night—by a narrow by-path, where it led through a little wooded ravine. There were broken, jagged rocks cropping up through the soil here and there, and jutting out from the side of the steep bank a ledge of broken granite with a narrow mossy recess running back into the rock—a recess whose entrance was stopped by a huge rounded stone. A tiny stream trickled down through the nooks and crannies of the rock, and made a little pool where the boulder lay.

It matters little how I enticed him to the spot. It was easily done. A few kind words, a favor asked, an excuse, and he consented readily enough. I had planned the time aright, and the moon was just rising as we set out. When we arrived at the railway terminus we went on afoot. I led the way. I remember that I laughed and joked freely that night—as I had not done for many a long month before—but as we neared the place I was silent. As we entered the ravine I thought he lagged a little. I took his arm. "The

house is just ahead," I said, "we are almost there." We were abreast of the rocks now, and I had hard work to control my voice for the hate that was rising in my throat and choking me. He must have felt it in my tone, for he started and shrunk away from me. I looked at him; he was trembling violently.

"What do you want with me?"

Then I no longer strove to contain myself. I sprang upon him. "*This* is what I want,—and *this*!—and *this*!"

I do not think he spoke after the first blow. I bent over him that nothing, however trivial—no circumstance, no movement, no sound—that might add to the effect of the scene, should escape me. I noted the light zephyr that above sighed through the tree-tops, and below gently lifted the hair upon the dead man's forehead. I noted the cold glint of the moonlight on the fast-glazing eye, and the great trees that cast fantastic shadows along the ground; and I noted the look of awful fear and dread that had frozen upon the features, pallid and rigid in death. I bent lower, and looked into his eyes; they saw me not. I lifted his arm, and let it fall; only the rustle of the leaves above me. It was done.

In amongst the rocks, where the moon-beams could not penetrate, the shadows lay thick and dark; the briers tore my hands, and a spider ran across my face as, with my ghastly burden, I plunged through the brush. The bowlder was large and heavy, but in my arms was the strength of ten men that night, and when, with a sudden plunge, it sunk back in its place, it hid more than the slime and the mold where the spiders ran.

A few hours later and I was back in my lodging house. A day passed. There were inquiries, and a search, but I knew that they would never know. I could tell, and I alone.

And then, strangely enough, when the deed had been done, without cause, sudden, unreasoning horror came over me. I would have seized my pen, and written—for I knew,

I felt, that I could write now the chapter I had so often tried in vain—but for the intolerable horror that forbade me.

There was one thing that troubled me greatly in these days. Go where I would, I could not shake it off. It was the apparition of the face I thought had been hidden forever beneath the boulder. I struggled against this hallucination, but I had no power against it. Time and again when a ray of light fell across my floor I have seen it there, with dull, fixed stare, as it looked when the moonlight fell upon it.

The weeks went by. I could do no other work, and want was staring me in the face.

One morning I threw myself upon my bed and tried to find forgetfulness in sleep. I had taken a larger quantity than usual of the drug I constantly used, but it failed. I had reached that state when, defeating its own object, the drug produces an opposite effect.

Then, while I tossed, feverish and restless, came the sudden prompting to write. The same horror was upon me, but as before the horror had overmastered the desire to write, so now the desire conquered.

Page after page, hour after hour, I wrote with never a pause. The words, the sentences came thick and fast. As I wrote, the drops of sweat stood out upon my forehead, for I was living over again that terrible night. Again I heard the rushing of the night wind, the wash of the water, and saw the glazing eyes. Again I bowed beneath that limp burden, and in under the ledge, where the water seethed and tumbled, I lifted away the stone. * * * *

It was finished. Ah, God! how well I knew not, for my brain was scorched and burning with the flames of opium.

Without stopping, I placed this final chapter with the rest, tied up my manuscript and darted out into the street. When I reëntered, for the first time in many hours, I slept.

It was far into the next day when I awoke. For awhile my thoughts were confused, until, like a cloud, swept back over me recollection of all. On my table lay a note; my

book had been accepted. Between the folded leaves was a check for more than I had hoped, but it was not that that brought me joy. I was glad because I knew that it would bring me fame.

And the book had appeared.

It fulfilled my wildest hopes. Edition after edition was struck off. In a few short days I was no longer the unknown; I was the popular young author. Money and tempting offers poured in upon me. I left my poor lodging-house, and lived richly, luxuriously. I began to be sought after and courted. Invitations flowed in upon me. The world was at my feet.

And yet an unaccountable aversion kept me from reading the latter chapter of my book. There was no cause for this, but for that very reason it was the stronger. And I never read it.

It was at a brilliant reception, where the élite of all the city were gathered to do me honor, that a man, whose sombre attire contrasted strangely with the gay costumes about him, advanced and laid his hand upon my shoulder. His dress was that of an officer of the law.

* * * * *

That night, in my cell, I sent for a copy of my novel, and, with sickening dread and shaking hands, turned to the end I had not dared to read.

Some fiend had blinded my understanding and guided my hand; for there, on the page before me, I read what had been my own confession. The picture was perfect; the stream, the overhanging ledge, and under it the dark, hollow niche choked by the rounded boulder. Even the drip of the water upon its smooth surface, and the crawling, red-mouthed things that writhed away from the light as I raised the rock from its slimy bed. Had some one, to whom my description brought back the spot, probed the mystery of that dark recess under the ledge?

To-morrow I shall be as the gruesome thing they found

beneath the boulder; the engine of man's shame and death stands with its grim arm outstretched in welcome. The memory of that upturned face is with me, a haunting horror that leaves me neither day nor night. Turn which way I will, I see it, always the same; the lips shiver, but the eyes are wide and cold and terrible. And I know that it will be with me until I go where it cannot follow.

G. P. WHEELER.

FOLLY.

DEEP in the green-wood forest
Where mosses clothe the trees,
Down where a streamlet murmurs
Unmindful of the seas,

A fairy sprite was dancing
Upon the bubbles bright;
When on a honeysuckle
He blew with all his might.

And troops of fairies gathered
In answer to his call;
And after eager listen'g,
They scattered, one and all.

But soon returned, and stamens
And flower stems each bore,
And built upon the bubbles
A bridge from shore to shore.

They gilded it with pollen,
And spread upon the frames
The petals of the violet
And wild flowers without names.

But as with pride they viewed it,
The bubbles burst! And then—
The bridge swept down the streamlet,
And passed from sight and ken.

H. W. HATHAWAY.

VOICES.

THE CRITIC AND HIS TWO-FOLD TASK.

INDIVIDUALITY is, perhaps, the strongest feature of our literary era. The independent tone with which social and religious questions are treated establishes this fact with reference to the author, and the frequent inquiry, "What do you think of such-and-such a work?" proves it in the case of the reader. Every amateur who ventures to turn the first page of literature is, unfortunately, expected to have as critical opinions upon all the great writers as the professor who has filled a chair for a whole decade. And of no one is more expected than of the college student. But, alas! as a general thing, he has read little and thought less; he has no matured views on any subject, unless it be sines and cosines, but these give slight assistance in preparing a critical essay on Burns or Browning. But he must express an opinion, and without experience, with no practical information on the subjects of the day, he deliberately sits down and criticises the work of one to whom he is but a child in knowledge; and what is the result? He has given forth what few notions he had, and the public, which is supposed to receive an intelligent opinion of the work, gains merely an individual expression. Instead of finding a true estimate of the book in the criticism, they are sure to find a picture of the critic himself. Nevertheless, though Mr. Mattheson justly concludes "that there is no so-called science of criticism, nor universally recognized canons of critical art," yet the critic, deprived of this "scientific accuracy," can, at least, keep ever before him the two great objects of his task.

The first and primary object of criticism, then, is to inform—to help the public to arrive at a true judgment of

the works of literature. Too often this end is sacrificed by the critic's desire to enhance or to injure the celebrity of a book; but real literary merit always survives such criticisms, be they never so ingenious and profound. Again, the information gained from criticism is frequently impaired, either through the critic's lack of ability to understand and appreciate the work before him, or from a tendency, unconscious it may be, toward *self-elucidation*. These criticisms, though often of first group rhetoric, afford nothing but a clear insight into the nature of the one who produces them. Viewed from this standpoint, criticism becomes quite amusing. A poor fledgling who crams himself with library lore that he may show that he knows more than the author, "upon whom he presumes to sit," is a ludicrous object to every one.

The second and higher object of criticism is to educate—to elevate the popular standard toward a more perfect ideal. As the first object is to gather up the facts relating to the body of the work, the second is a discussion of relations, proportions and details, an "exposition of rules of construction, of the vitalizing principle and purpose." All this is educational. Such a criticism fits the public to do what the critic does himself, viz., to judge of the intrinsic merits of a production. This is why Lowell's criticisms are so universally appreciated. They do not stop with simple statements, but seek to educate the taste to a higher criterion of excellency. One might describe a loom so vividly as almost to set it forth with "cogged wheel and crooked shaft;" this would be information; but were he to go further, and discuss defects in wheel and shaft and their poor adjustment to each other, that would be education, for it helps one to appreciate the new loom which has none of these defects.

To sum up, then, the critic must set before his readers the qualities of a writer, both good and bad, and next proceed to discuss these data in such a manner as to lift his

readers into a higher conception and appreciation of literary art. This done, and he has imparted not only a knowledge of the production, but also helped the public on, in the light of his own culture and learning, to a correct standard of criticism.

G. H. S.

COLLEGE OPINION.

PRINCETON men often congratulate themselves upon the strong democratic spirit that pervades the college; and well they may, for this spirit reacts upon the students themselves in numberless beneficial ways. No other college perhaps, certainly no other of the larger colleges, is so free from the many evils connected with the existence of a college aristocracy, however it may be formed.

The prime blessing conferred by this democratic spirit, this freedom from the domination of a set, is that thus the growth and perpetuation of a wholesome college sentiment is made possible. The college is, in a degree, an epitome of the outside world. More especially does it reflect the life and spirit of the people among whom and for whom it exists. It is right and natural that, in an American college, opinion, college sentiment, should be a mighty factor in college life, for among no people has public opinion greater potentialities for good or for evil than among Americans. It behooves us then, since the conditions for the operation of this all-powerful force are so perfect in our midst, to scrutinize the present standards that obtain among us, and to put forth every endeavor to elevate and purify them.

Surely a little reflection will convince every right-minded man among us that our college conscience is too lenient, too elastic in many of its judgments. Take for example the matter of what is vaguely called a man's "honor." We all realize that there is a large class of abuses whose full cor-

rection is wholly or quite beyond the sphere of college law and college officers, and must be left almost solely to the so-called honor of the students. Yet opinion permits, without censure, constant infraction of laws such as a merely average sense of honor might, with justice, be held to impose, and contents itself with drawing nice distinctions without differences. Cheating in recitation or examination, for instance, is thus tolerated, but not indiscriminately. The man whom danger of conditions, though incurred, as is generally the case, by sheer laziness or inexcusable neglect on his part, prompts to cheat is by no means generally condemned; while the man whose inordinate ambition leads him to resort to cheating to raise his standing justly loses all respect in the eyes of his fellows. Again, equally nice and unfounded is the distinction drawn between giving and receiving help in examination, and here, strange to say, it is only the man who refuses to give aid when appealed to who is condemned. This single example of the halting gait of our college honor will suffice, though many more might be given.

In the same way reflection will show how lamentably low standards of courtesy, responsibility, purity and truth our college opinion tolerates; and when we consider how certainly and powerfully these things, trivial as they may seem, tend to shape and mould the whole mental and moral make-up of each individual student, to what a degree they tend to bias all his subsequent opinions and judgments, the question of reform along these lines presents itself as a vital one.

To the question of how this reform shall be inaugurated, there is but one answer. The matter rests with the student body, and with each individual of that body. To bring in a higher general standard, each man must set up a purer, nobler standard for himself. College opinion is strong and fixed; it requires a strong and general movement to lift it to a higher plane, but the mere fact of its fixedness will tend to perpetuate the existence of a high standard when once it has been set up.

N.

A HIGHER STANDARD OF ADMISSION.

THERE* never was a time so fertile in projects of reform in colleges as the present, and no person hails with more pleasure the discussion of such subjects than the undergraduate. Very many projects have been discussed by our educated men during very recent years looking to the betterment of the collegian.

The meeting together, a few weeks ago, of representatives from the different colleges of New England has brought up some very interesting questions. The avowed object in these educators coming together was to secure a uniform standard of admission to the New England colleges. But, among other subjects considered, was the *raising* of the standard, thus throwing a great amount of the work of Freshman year back upon the preparatory schools.

In regard to this proposition there are some very important considerations to be borne in mind. Primarily, such a reform would be impracticable, for it is a known fact that there are but a few training schools in this country sufficiently endowed to employ the teachers that such a change would necessitate. And in schools where such talent is employed the legitimate expenses of the student are much more than in our colleges. Again, to a very great extent, the men who now prepare for college in the high schools of our cities, thus being enabled to board at home and reduce the expense by a very considerable sum, would be obliged to seek a first-class preparatory school, for the high schools are more and more coming to realize that college preparation is not their province.

In conversation recently a prominent member of our Faculty, one who styles himself a "Progressive Conservative," said that such a step was unnecessary; possibly some changes might be made in the curriculum of the "feeding school," "but," said he, "the prime essential is

thoroughness; this gained and the colleges will take care of the young man."

The aim of the college is to give a liberal education to the greatest possible number, but if the standard for admission is raised any considerable amount, a marked decrease in the number of men attending these institutions will inevitably follow. Is not, however, the object sought by these educators gained by many of our colleges in the addition to the curriculum of "University Lectures," etc., and in giving a greater option to the student? Further, it is not difficult to see that such a course as the one proposed would revolutionize our entire educational system. That the college course will be changed, as it constantly has been in the past, is almost certain, but the important idea to be kept in mind is that no change should be effected without a just consideration of the results involved.

R.

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

IN A recent clipping from the *Lafayette College Bi-Weekly*, we note the following: "The combined libraries of forty-eight American Colleges number 2,055,976 volumes." Harvard heads this list with 340,000 volumes, while Princeton stands tenth, with a total of 63,000. Though this number is low for Princeton, still the whole number of volumes in her library will hardly reach more than 70,000, which number still leaves Princeton about seventh, provided the numbers of other libraries named are given aright. To this number we might add the number of volumes in one hall, as the student has access to the library of but one, and the small library of the *Philadelphian*, making in all about 10,000 additional volumes. But, some one may say, the students have access to the Seminary Library, numbering about

50,000 volumes, making altogether 130,000 volumes. This number, granted that we are justified in adding these other libraries, would put Princeton fourth on the list. We must question, however, the right to add these, for in no other respect do we say that the Seminary and the College are connected. We also feel assured that one institution does not consult the other in regard to making the two libraries one complete whole, and further, think that the completeness and therefore greater efficiency of a library lies in itself and is not dependent on neighboring libraries. We can, therefore, say that the Princeton library proper consists of 70,000 volumes. The growth has been rapid, for it consisted of but 25,000 volumes when the present building was erected, in 1872-73. We can easily see why the number of volumes in the college library proper is so low comparatively, for, outside of the Greens, few of her friends have come forward to help the college in her need.

Complete as it is in many respects, the library is far from being so in others. Strongest in the sciences, it is probably weakest where it ought to be strongest, that is in English literature. Here the question naturally suggests itself, Why is it that it is so weak in this department? One reason for this weakness is that the library fund is portioned out among the several professors, many of whom are too eager to have their own department well represented to think of remedying the defect. This brings us to the greater question, Why do Princeton's friends and graduates evince so little interest in her library? Surely, we say, Princeton offers just as broad and as high an education as other colleges. She invites just as much research in subjects kindred to or outside the prescribed curriculum. Her students are of just as high a literary turn of mind, and certainly her English course is second to none, yet her library is weakest in English literature. In the face of all these facts, it does seem strange that year after year should see gifts from her friends for other purposes, but little for the library. Strange, too, is

it that class after class should graduate without doing anything towards establishing our library on a firmer and broader basis. We read almost weekly of some generous friends of other colleges buying in small, private libraries, and donating them to their alma mater, or leaving some noble bequest to her library. Princeton, however, seems doomed to disappointment in this respect, except from the Greens, to whom all praise is due for their munificent gifts.

What means, then, can we employ towards making our library more complete, and hence of greater efficiency? Clearly, Princeton needs great additions to her library, and the one hope of securing them seems to lie in the classes themselves. The old custom of each class presenting something to their alma mater on graduation seems to be superseded by the custom of presenting something at one of their reunions. While it is certain that no considerable amount of money could be raised at graduation in a class for the library, it is equally certain that, in general, ten years later would find the same class in a position to give from five to ten thousand dollars towards the library. This amount, raised year after year by succeeding classes, would, we think, aid greatly, along with the present fund, towards building up our library, making it more complete and rendering it of greater efficiency. There can be no objection to such a suggestion, and certainly, if carried out, the students of Princeton could point with greater pride to their college library.

A. S. G.

EDITORIALS.

THE recent announcement of a gift to the college by Mr. C. C. Cuyler, of one thousand dollars, the interest of which is to be given as an annual prize for special work in the department of political science, should certainly be received with pleasure by every Princetonian. Through no other department of the academic course than that to which this money is donated can the college, by the training which it gives to its graduates, hope to bring to bear upon the outside world a greater influence.

We believe there is room in public life for those who go out from college walls equipped with a thorough knowledge of political and social science, and that through the influence of such college-trained men we may look to see practical politics come to mean something else than bossism and corruption.

THE GYMNASIUM AS A DANCING HALL.

ABOUT the only criticism that has been made upon the recent Junior Assembly was in regard to the room, which is entirely too small for an affair of that kind. Our dances are now becoming so large that they have entirely outgrown their quarters, and though University Hall is well adapted for certain purposes, it is very unfit for a ball of such proportions as the last. The floor, though smooth, is cut up by two rows of pillars, and in the first half of the evening the number upon the floor almost precludes dancing. The ceiling is not a high one and the air soon grows hot and close, and the windows can seldom be opened on account of

the chaperones and others seated around the sides in front of them. The Junior Assembly at Yale is held in an immense armory, with a high ceiling and a floor unbroken by pillars, where several hundred couples can dance at the same time. There the affair is on a magnificent scale in every way. Those of our invited guests who have been to one of these assemblies cannot help drawing comparisons unfavorable to our own. Now, while we do not pretend to equal the magnificence of some of the assemblies elsewhere, it is most desirable that we better ourselves as much as possible. What we most need is another place for holding these dances. Why could not the Gymnasium be made to serve? It certainly has many desirable points. The room is much larger than the one in University Hall and the floor is even and smooth and free from pillars. There is a gallery for onlookers and plenty of room around the sides for chairs. It could be closed, cleansed and thoroughly aired for a full day beforehand, and handsomely decorated at no greater expense than University Hall. The windows at the top would allow the hot air to escape and supply cool without inconvenience to those who do not dance. It could be well lighted and is almost as convenient in situation as University Hall.

Down-stairs the bowling alleys and the one for base-ball practice could be carpeted and decorated with bunting, and converted into pleasant promenades to be used between the dances, as the porch in University is now used. The supper could be prepared as usual in the kitchens of University and at the last moment be brought from there into the dressing-rooms of the Gymnasium, where gas or oil stoves, ice, etc., would be in readiness. The supper could be brought up by the waiters and passed around as it is done at Yale. This would avoid the rush and scramble around the supper table which always takes place.

At Yale, at a signal, the waiters appear, each takes a particular group and attends to it. But if this would require

too many waiters, a table could be speedily set up near the stairs at the rear, and the supper placed upon it, to be taken and passed by the gentlemen. It is not necessary to go into details, but the plan seems practicable in many ways, and with a little thought and care there is no reason why the Gymnasium could not be transformed next Commencement into a really good place for the dance. At least let the matter be carefully looked into, and perhaps '91 will distinguish herself by setting a valuable and delightful precedent for the college and add greatly to the enjoyment of the festivities here next June.

THE LIBRARY MEETING.

THE discussion on competitive examinations at the recent library meeting should settle one thing beyond dispute—that the faculty recognize clearly the evils, as well as the advantages, of those unpleasant weeks which precede the close of each term. Perhaps it may also give to some a better insight into the character of that conservatism which Princeton is proud to acknowledge, a conservatism not founded on an unwillingness that the old order should change, yielding place to new, but, rather, on a firm determination that before the new is welcomed it shall be clearly proven that the new is a step forward from the old, and not a step backward. We are perfectly willing that others should try all sorts of experiments in educational methods, and, perhaps from a purely selfish point of view, rather anxious that they should; but let Princeton's growth and development be assured by natural growth and development, neither spasmodic nor at times retrograde.

We believe that the diversity of opinion among both students and professors on the occasion of which we speak was due largely to a want of logical order in the discussion. The evils of examinations depend on the character of the

examinations. The character of the examinations is, or should be, determined by the object of the examinations. Is the object in examining a student to determine how many men have, in the eye of the professor, pursued the course of study more satisfactorily than the individual examined, and how many others he himself has excelled? or is it to divide the men up into certain groups, the members of each of which are supposed to stand on an equality, but so arranged that all the members of group I have done just a little better than those of group II, and proportionately better than those of group III, while all the members of group II have just a little less intelligent idea of the subject than those of group I, and just a little more intelligent idea than those of group III, and so forth for the remaining groups? or is it to make sure that the student has pursued understandingly a certain course of study which is necessary to a degree, and has that amount of knowledge of the subject which the degree is supposed to guarantee to the outside world? Upon the one of these three alternatives chosen must depend the character of the examination, and if the second be chosen, then we have, further, the preliminary question to settle as to how many of these classes there shall be.

Of course, whichever one of these be adopted, the nature and number of the examinations, and the relative importance assigned to oral recitations and to these written examinations, yet remains to be settled. What we do insist upon is that the discussion cannot well be carried on except in the light of the previously determined object of the examination.

The whole subject of the grading system, as it is more fundamental than that of examinations, so, it seems to us, would furnish a very interesting, and, perhaps, not less satisfactory subject for discussion. We are very sorry that the President has not the time at his disposal which would warrant us in asking for another library meeting upon this subject of the grading system.

A WORD MORE ABOUT CONTRIBUTIONS.

IT IS the custom for every Lit. Board to urge upon those members of the under classes who desire a position on the board during their Senior years, the importance of beginning work early in the course. But the importance of this matter cannot be too much magnified. The advantage of so doing is obvious at once, for if one's first contributions be accepted he will be stimulated to more earnest endeavors during the remainder of his course. On the other hand, if they be rejected, there will be ample time for removing all defects of style and wrong methods of thought before the time arrives for selecting the board from his class. But apart from any selfish interests, there is a far greater reason why this should be done. As a general thing our college literature falls far short of its capabilities. Literary work is too often a happy thought of Junior or Senior year. As a result it is crude and mechanical, and bears the mark of hasty production. An art cannot be learned in a day or in a year, if it be so great a one as writing. Literature is truly an art. Not in the sense so common now, when every enthusiast is endeavoring to stretch the term sufficiently to include his own private hobby, but in its most exact and literal meaning. Perhaps the most perfect embodiment of our idea of an art is found in sculpture, and to this, in many respects, the production of literature is similar. According to the Greeks, the statue was possessed of two distinct forms, that existing subjectively in the mind of the sculptor, and that represented by the stone or marble. The perfect art was reached when the subjective ideal was realized in the outward form. So it is with literature. We never sit down to write without first forming in our minds some conception of that which we are to express in words. The difficulty arises when we endeavor to embody this in the cold marble of rhetoric. It is at this point that we either despair or, more often, after chiseling away for a

moment, decide that the crude figure before us is built of our best art, and rush off to the gallery with it. We are either too impatient or too easily satisfied. It is here that we learn the first and best lesson in composition of any kind. We should develop our minds and cultivate our tastes until our ideals are sure to be of the highest type, and then we should labor and struggle with our language and style until it is made to conform perfectly to that ideal.

Literature is never the product of a single day. It is only the rarest genius that can dash off an acceptable article without even stopping to dip the pen. Here, as in everything else, persistence and industry are the main elements of success. By this we do not mean to say that everyone is possessed of a genius, which only needs to be developed, but what we do mean is that no man should despair until he has given himself a fair trial. This can only be accomplished by practice. Thus the advantage of beginning early in one's course becomes apparent. Experience is the best teacher in literary work, and those who, in their Senior year, expect to represent the college in its literary aspect, should be able to bring with them the experience of the past three years.

In former years the *LIT.* has been able to attain a high standing among college magazines. But if this position is to be maintained, we must keep pace with the advances being made by our contemporaries.

If we accomplish this, it will be necessary for us to develop all of the literary ability in our midst; and this can be done only by each one beginning work early in his course, and devoting as much of his time as possible for the perfection of his art.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Oh, novel readers, tell me this,
Can prose that's polished by the file,
Like great Boisgobey's mysteries,
Wet days and weary ways beguile,
And man to living reconcile.
Like these whose every trick we know?
The agony how high they pile.
Miss Braddon and Gaboriau!

ENVOY.

Ah, friend, how many and many a while
They've made the slow time fleetly flow,
And solaced pain and charmed exile,
Miss Braddon and Gaboriau!
—Austin Dobson.

WHAT a sudden whirl of gayety burst upon us, swept dull routine away from the face of the earth, and sent the spectre of ennui waltzing into space. The campus, before bleak and deserted, became, as by miracle, endowed with life. Blithe young girls under the proud escort of gallant cavaliers, gaily trod the classic walks. And as for the rest of us, what a surprising fondness we did develop for standing idly, here and there, just to catch a glimpse of the winsome faces that might be flitting by!

But no longer do the fair cavalcades startle the ghosts that love to wander about Old North. The Wooden Idol, to the left as you enter the Museum, has lost the smile that greeted the arrival of so many gay visitants and worshipers at his holy shrine. Their pilgrimage was a delusion and a snare. They came but to laugh at his helplessness, and the poor old god has resumed his wonted grimness of aspect. Meaningless the hopeless eyes stare at the blank wall, and the wooden arms rest rigidly upon the wooden knees.

The last dancing airs sank into the silence of the past, the gaslights paled and faded before the streaks of dawn. Then a few puffs of smoke from the busy little engine, and away flew light-hearted gayety. The student, abandoned to the tender mercies of solitude, returned in sadness to his den.

Then came the exercises of Washington's Birthday, with the usual quota of witty and stately speeches and its quaternary of keen debates, not to speak of the games in the Gym. All this now has sunk into the Lethe of oblivion. Second term once more stares us in the face with all its idle, self-born terrors. But, friend, the "Finis" is bound to come. So let us remember the Stoics and submit to hardened Fate.

The Gossip has derived a good deal of quiet amusement from "Sketches of Yale Life," taken from the *Yale Lit*, the *Record* or the *Courant*. There is a keenness and raciness about these accounts of college life that make them very interesting, the more so that they apply to Princeton quite as much as to Yale in their general outline. The sketches of "Dormitory Life" are quite humorous, but the "Pen Portraits" especially are alive with wit and vivacity. The "Man about College," the "Dun," the "Bore," the "Sponger," the "Croaker," the "Chum" and the "Successful Landlady" are successively hit off in a happy style. Each type introduced suggests, unconsciously, some man in the class whom the description suits to a T. The few papers on "Manners and Customs" are likewise entertaining because of their realism.

I wish we had a little book of this kind that could give a glimpse of our own college life. In this way the name of "Haffey" would go down to posterity in a halo of glory formed by the steam from all the oyster stews that have been consumed there. The beneficent influences of the so-called "new drink," i. e. milk shake, would be forever celebrated, and hand over to our great grandchildren the name of "Priest's West End Confectionery and Ice-cream Saloon," and more particularly the name of "Carl," so dear and familiar to preceding generations. And then how many perplexities it would relieve, how many problems it would clear up for the would-be undergraduate. He would know that it is the upper-classman's privilege to be addressed as Mr., and never be spoken to without permission; while, on the other hand, to be ducked in the canal or to have his eye put out by the hard-packed snowball of some revengeful Sophomore, are the incomers' exclusive and inestimable privileges. How many, then, would look forward with inexpressible eagerness towards the delights of college life? And, again, if they could but have a foretaste of our light, hot cakes and a whiff of club smells, how they would long for the time when they can enjoy college fare. But I suppose that all such trials and tribulations would be left out in this hypothetical account of four years passed at Princeton. Only the sunshiny side would be shown, and that rightly, because, while we will forget the dreariness of rain-pours and all that attends it, the recollection of our happiness will, in after-days, remain.

To while away a rainy day there is nothing like a good, thorough-going sensational novel for a distraction, though, too true, the fellows do not expend such a terrible amount of energy in brain-work that they need a distraction. Outside of college, men of business, and especially lawyers, are voracious consumers of novels. The reason lies in the need they experience of anything that can make them forget all the entanglements of their affairs and of their cases, anything that awakes their imagination while lulling to rest their analytic faculties. This is why the Gossip has always thought that a glorious tribute is due to Robert L. Stevenson, for, by his artistic treatment of the romance, his pictur-

esque suggestion of types, he has raised the low level of tales of adventures, usually published as dime novels, to an equally high rank with the story of character. I have always possessed a lingering regret for tales so dear to boyhood, accounts of thrilling deeds and happenings by land and sea. "A Coral Island," for instance, made a deep impression upon me, though the name of the author escapes me for the moment. If I remember rightly, the two heroes, shipwrecked upon this seemingly deserted island, are one night startled by a most unearthly, heart-rending howl, the more so because in their hunting expeditions they hadn't found a trace of any kind of animal, human or otherwise. For many evenings they hear that low, prolonged, terrible sound, borne to them overland. At last, after many explorations, they come across a hut almost in ruins, within which they find a skeleton, and, as they stand there appalled, what should come in but a cat, a black cat (in stories they always are black), and this cat it was that had startled them so and filled them with such terrors by its unearthly, lamentable howls. A rather tame ending, and yet, at the time, this episode impressed me very much.

Then there were the strange adventures of "Three Midshipmen," told with such vigor by Kingston. The author, indeed, loved his heroes so dearly that he was unwilling to part with them, and followed them through every step in the promotion of a British naval officer, ending with the climax, the admiralty. It is not always true that "familiarity breeds contempt," but the proverb held in this case, for one got pretty well worn out with the trio before they found a much-needed place on the retired list, together with half-pay.

There are some points truly admirable and worthy of commendation in these tales of fierce fighting for the mastery of the seas. In the first place the British tars always lick the French. The latter are sometimes supposed to offer stubborn resistance, but it is only to add zest, it is a mere pretense. In time the colors of the enemy are ignominiously lowered, and the British Jack unfurls bravely to the breeze. The writer apparently forgets the obvious fact that there was a time when Tourville and his fleet swept the Channel and the English seas from end to end. A second admirable point is that the hero is always portrayed as bravest of the brave. If a fortress is to be taken by assault, our friend is always the first to clamber and to reach the top of the earthworks. What prodigious deeds of valor! Beside them, invincible Achilles and doughty Ajax, your deeds grow "spectre-thin and die." And though the hero run into the very mouth of a gun, though a thousand pistols are aimed at his head, the arms of the foe must be very defective, for he comes out unharmed in a halo of triumph. Of course, in order to stir up a certain feeling of anxiety in the breast of the innocent reader, he must now and then receive a gash or a wound, but he always recovers in time to fight single-handed against a whole mutinous crew. And then what

would the romancer do without the slaver, or the piratical looking craft that loom up in such gigantic proportions, with black sail outspread and lurid flag unfurled. These weird phantom-ships still sail slowly across my mind, ominous and dread-inspiring.

Perhaps, however, you have never cherished such an affection for nautical tales of adventure. If not, I am sorry for you; surely you've missed something of great value. For the psychological novel of to-day, with its tendency to encourage a morbid taste for the analysis of self and of fellow-man, and to harp upon the character's slightest thought, however puerile it may be, is inferior in many respects to the romance that deals with and dwells upon the deeds of active life. The reader of the first becomes entirely subjective in his mode of thought, but the reader of the second becomes alive to the sensuous externalities of nature and to all the outward things of life, however distorted they may be by the exuberant fancy of the romancer.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The stormy March is come at last,
 With wind and cloud and changing skies;
 I hear the rushing of the blast,
 That through the snowy valley flies.
 Ah, passing few are they who speak,
 Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
 Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
 Thou art a welcome month to me.
 For thou to northern lands again
 The glad and glorious sun dost bring;
 And thou hast joined the gentle train
 And wear'st the gentle name of spring.
 * * * * *
 Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
 And that soft time of sunny showers,
 When the wide bloom on earth that lies,
 Seems of a brighter world than ours.

AS IN nature, so in life, there are certain seasons of hibernation, seasons of rest and recuperation. We have stood a long siege, from November to March. In some respects a delightful winter, threatening at times to break immaturity into spring, but winter, nevertheless, and enough of its old self to produce its usual effect upon the literary world. The trees and plants have had as hard a time as we have; some of them are dead. But those that survive, as soon as they shall feel the waking sun and the increasing warmth in the soil, will quicken the pulse of their sap and burst forth into the most exquisite life. And we are much like them. Writing in March, with the winter and its sports almost departed, and spring with its life not yet come, only here and there a solitary patch of green to indicate the dormant life beneath the ground, and a solitary note of some too early songster in trees prophetic of future choirs of the groves, with such surroundings we, too, feel the thrill of life newly beginning. This is a delicious feeling, this tender sympathy in the renaissance of all things. For some days everybody, however old, is a possible lover, and for some hours everybody is a poet. Each feels a sensation that poets never have fully expressed, and that he cannot put into words or even into music. And there is, to these aspects of nature and life, a curious parallel in literature. There can be no doubt that surroundings and forms of life have an immense influence upon the mind and heart. If the winter is hard and heavy, or if it is open and tolerable, in either case we are influenced more than we know. No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart maketh nimble hands and keeps the mind free and alert. More than this, our memory

is colored like our hope, and as we picture to ourselves the new birth of the world around us, we are urged to new zeal and endeavor. This faith in spring shows itself in our literature. Not that the writings of the winter months have lacked interest or value, but each and every one, whether in the sphere of literature at large or in our own more limited world of letters, seems to reach out in fresh endeavor to explore new fields, and to return to present their discovered treasures to expectant readers. Thus, while the current literature still goes on in its even way, there are few new books, but promises of more. The season of winter production is past, and the time of spring and summer fruits has not yet come, so that since our last writing there is less than usual of remarkable productions in the literary world worthy to be recorded. But our exchange table is never relieved of its mass of monthly accumulation, and even spills some of our worthy friends on surrounding chairs, or even in little piles upon the floor, each waiting patiently to be noticed and put on file.

MAGAZINES.

The recent death of Selina Dolaro, the famous burlesque actress, lends interest to the novel of "Bella-Demonia," which opens the March number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is an exceptionally stirring and dramatic story, the scene of which is laid partly in Russia and partly in England, the plot concerning itself with the doings of the revolutionists and of the Russian secret police. An article of unusual literary interest is John Sartain's "Reminiscences of Edgar Allan Poe." Mr. Sartain was the editor of Sartain's Magazine, in which "The Bells" originally appeared, and he takes exception to some of the statements made by Richard Henry Stoddard in the January number. John Habberton concludes his "At Last: Six Days in the Life of an Ex-Teacher" in a bright and amusing manner. Charlotte Adams tells "How I Succeeded in Literature," an article written in the same brisk, dashing unconventional style as the now famous sketch which stirred up a hornet's nest in New York literary society. Poems are contributed by Wilson K. Welsh, Edgar Fawcett, and Elliott Cones.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for March opens with the continuation of "The Tragic Muse," which is written in Henry James' most pleasing style. "Simplicity," by Charles Dudley Warner, treats of this never trite subject in that charming way peculiar to him alone. Biography has its place also in its pages. "The Keeths" gives us in attractive form the lives of these men, who, though conspicuous on account of their high character and ability, are generally known only by paragraphs and pages scattered through history, and of whose natures and achievements, therefore, most have but an imperfect knowledge. In "Some Colonial Lawyers and Their Work" we find a vivid description of the legal profession as it was over an hundred years ago. Of the other articles "The Isthmus

Canal and Our Government," "Hannah Calline's Jim" and "Ticonderoga, Bennington and Oriskany" will bear careful reading. The poetry of the number is marked by a contribution from the pen of John Greenleaf Whittier, entitled "The Christmas of 1888." "The Contributor's Club" deals with, as usual, topics of current interest.

There are few topics about which so little is known and yet so much is said as "The Railway Mail Service." It is therefore with pleasure that we find an article on this subject in the March number of *Scribner's Magazine*, especially as it is from the pen of ex-postmaster General James. Mr. Stevenson's serial, "The Master of Ballantrae," continues with undiminished interest. One of the most entertaining contributions to the number is that entitled "A German Rome," from the pen of Prof. W. B. Scott, of Princeton College. Treves, on account of its position, has been seldom visited by travellers, and therefore its points of interest, as the scene of many great events, are little known. The article is rendered doubly instructive by illustrations of the different buildings and ruins. "Economy and Intellectual Work" is a thoughtful paper on a subject of absorbing interest to all students. Among other contributions of special value, we may mention "Some of Wagner's Heroes and Heroines," by William F. Apthorp, "Mexican Superstitions and Folklore" and "Extenuating Circumstances."

An etching by Boilvin of Fortuny's famous picture, "The Snake Charmer," the original of which was in the A. T. Stewart gallery, forms the frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for March. The opening article deals with spectacular art in the theatre, and is written by Augustus Harris. Mabel Robinson has a paper on "Art Patrons," by whom she means, in this instance, the begging Friars of Italy. "Early Irish Art" is the subject of an interesting paper, and "Current Art" of one of more general interest. A feature of the latter is the page engraving, after Alma-Tadema's "A Study." The "Egyptian Textiles at South Kensington" are learnedly treated of by Francis Ford, and the third installment of the Portraits of Dante Gabriel Rossetti is given. The second paper on "Illustrated Journalism in England" is given, and brings us to the notes which cover every department in the field of art, at home or abroad.

EXCHANGES.

The February number of *The Collegian* completely fulfills the promise of the editor. In the opening article, "On the Teaching of English Literature in the College Curriculum," Prof. Spring discusses a topic of vital interest to all students, but especially to those of literary tastes. The contributions for the undergraduates of the different colleges give us the opportunity, before unenjoyed, of examining side by side literary productions of our fellow-students, which have been chosen by an unprejudiced hand. By this means we can influence others and be influenced by others in return. The editor has done well in limiting

the length of the majority of the articles to a few pages, and in presenting to us a great variety of subjects. We hesitate to mention any particular productions, as all are worthy of more than a passing word, but "Nurick Life" and "Nature in Thoreau and Burroughs," of the more scholarly contributions; "Revery," in a lighter view, and "The World Doth Hold but One Fair Maid," of the poems, demand mention.

The "Eclectic and Critical" department promises to fill a long-felt want in college journalism, that of an impartial critic to tell us of our real faults and point out our mistakes. The editorial departments and athletic records show that the magazine is in competent hands, whether we view it from an intellectual or sporting standpoint, and we take pleasure in again calling the attention of our readers to this magazine as fully worthy of their support.

The Harvard Monthly for February is especially strong in its fiction. "The Hunting at Rosness" and "A Bit of Official Tragedy," though very different in plot and manner of treatment, are each marked by descriptions of more than usual power. We were especially pleased with the latter. It is new and fresh in plot, and the reader's interest is maintained to the end. The climax, instead of weakening the story, as is so frequently the case with our college productions, being fully up to the literary style of the rest of the story, if it does not exceed it. We are sorry to find no poetry in a number in other respects full of interest.

The January issue of *The Cornell Magazine* opens with a very strong essay on Browning's masterpiece, "The Ring and the Book." The author treats, in an interesting way, of its structure, its characters and the background of Italian life in the poem. "The Loves of Heinrich Heine" is the title of an article which gives us an insight into this very romantic side of the great poet's life. The literary department of the number closed with a discussion of "College Expenses," upon which subject the writer has evidently expended considerable time and care. We are sorry to notice the entire omission of poetry here also, for, while we seldom find gems of verse in our college publications, still we believe that our songsters should be encouraged.

We find upon our table a number of monthlies from the southern colleges. Of these the *Virginia University Magazine* is, perhaps, the best. The January number contains articles on a great variety of subjects. The opening contribution is a short sketch of "Mirabeau." Political questions of present interest are also ably discussed in the two articles "The Negro Question" and "Why not let them Vote?" The first deals especially with the amalgamation problem, and the latter presents some strong arguments in favor of allowing the weaker sect a share in our political rights. The lighter spheres of literature are represented by "Squire Meredith," a sketch, and "Innocence" and "Rest," two very neat little poems. We have space but to mention the *Texas University Magazine* and the *North Carolina University Magazine*, as containing interesting and valuable articles.

BOOK REVIEWS.

MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA, VOLS. VII AND VIII. (NEW YORK: JOHN B. ALDEN.)

We take pleasure in again calling to the notice of our readers these comprehensive yet compact volumes. A few specimens from each of these latest additions to the set will give some idea of the wonderful variety and fullness of the knowledge embraced within the scope of the work. John Calvin, the first title in Vol. VII, occupies seven pages; Cambridge University, five and a-half pages; Canada, eight pages, and Carpentry, five pages, which, with the other topics included in this volume, cover 600 pages, with over 100 illustrations. Volume VIII contains among other valuable articles, Ceylon, ten pages; Chemistry, twelve pages; Chess, seven pages; Chicago, nine pages; China and its Language, twenty-four pages, and Circulation, twelve pages. These volumes, with their handsome type, numerous illustrations, handy form and, more than all, their skillful editing, are fully equal to their predecessors. They are not only adapted to popular needs, but are also a satisfaction and a delight to students, and seem in every respect especially suitable for their libraries.

BUSINESS. BY JAMES PLATT, F. S. S. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

We are glad to welcome a neat and pleasing American reprint of this singularly successful English book. Its popularity in England cannot be better attested than by the fact that there it has already run through 75 editions. The author is well known as a facile and interesting as well as cultured writer on economic and social themes. In such chapters as "Business," "Health," "Calculation," "Integrity" and "Money," though the subjects seem trite enough, we find a surpassingly original and attractive treatment, free from all prosiness or cant.

FIRST AND FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS. BY JAMES MCCOSH, D.D., LL.D., LITT.D. (NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

As Dr. McCosh says in his preface, this work, containing the results of his ripe experience in teaching in Belfast and in Princeton, may be regarded as the "cap-stone of what he has been able to do in philosophy." In substance it consists of a careful revision, with several important changes and additions, of the well-known "Intuitions." Among the changes we note a great improvement in the manner of treating "Cause and Effect,"

and a re-arrangement of the parts treating of the relations of metaphysics and the sciences; while the addition of a chapter on "Fundamental Truth and Evolution" gives completeness to the whole discussion. In form, as in content, the "First and Fundamental Truths" makes a companion volume to the "Psychology" and the "Realistic Philosophy."

HEBREW LITERATURE. EDITED BY E. T. BARTLETT, D.D., AND J. P. PETERS, PH. D. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

In this volume we have Part II of "Scriptures, Hebrew and Christian," which promises to furnish, when completed, an invaluable help to the student, as well as to the general reader, as an introduction to the intelligent study of Biblical Literature and History. The second part treats of the period from the Exile to Nehemiah, illustrating it by carefully selected and translated passages from the various books of the Old Testament. Following is a series of chapters, constructed in the same manner upon the Hebrew Legislation, while similar divisions upon Hebrew Tales, Prophecy, Poetry and Wisdom make a singularly useful and complete whole.

ELEMENTS OF THE INTEGRAL CALCULUS. BY WILLIAM ELWOOD BYERLY, PH.D. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

In no class of literature has there been such a change in the last decade as in text-books on the exact sciences. In condensation and clearness, precision and method, the progress has been remarkable. The presentation of the principles of the sciences in a form suitable for elementary study of them is an entirely different matter from the discovery of those principles. The present treatise is essentially a *text-book*, though the author has done creditable work in that other and perhaps higher department of a professor's work, namely, that of original production. The present volume is supplemental to the one by the same author on the "Integral Calculus," and is upon the same general plan as that work. The volume consists of nearly four hundred pages, and contains considerable matter that is not usually included in text-books upon the calculus.

OUTLINES OF A NEW SCIENCE. BY E. J. DONNELL. AND POLITICS AS A DUTY AND AS A CAREER "QUESTION OF THE DAY." (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The matter of this volume was contained in a lecture delivered before the Reform Club of Boston. The new science which it proposes to found is one which will enable the statesman and citizen to predict more accurately the results of certain influences acting in the state at present, and to ascertain more certainly the causes responsible for effects now

before us. To the student of political economy this will give many new ideas, and to the general reader the subject is enough to insure a great deal of interest. It is published under the series "Questions of the Day."

Another volume of this same series is entitled "Politics as a Duty and as a Career," by Morfield Storey. It is published in pamphlet form, is brief, and written in a clear and oratorical style. The subject is a happy one, and to the student especially searching around for material for an oration, it is particularly valuable. It treats the subject in a new way, and presents many strong arguments for the side which it is advocating.

THE LIFE OF SIR ROBERT PEEL. BY F. C. MONTAGUE. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.)

Hitherto no comprehensive life of Peel has been offered to the public. Our knowledge of him is based mainly upon fragmentary bits picked up in the lives of his contemporaries or embodied in the history of the times. The present volume supplies this want. The author was fortunate in having free access to the voluminous correspondence of Peel, happily preserved in its entirety. In this way he is enabled to get at the inner facts of that busy and useful life, and though quite removed from his subject, yet by this means he speaks as a trusted confidant. The work is complete in every respect, neglecting nothing, without attempting to embrace too much, and is a valuable addition to this excellent series.

THE ENGLISHMAN OF THE RUE CAIN. BY H. F. WOOD. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co.)

Mr. H. F. Wood, in this "Lippincott's Series of Select Novels," produces a book which compares favorably with his better known one, "The Passenger from Scotland Yard." It is a story of French high life with English elements, and is dramatic and full of power. It opens with a mystery, and the interest at once arrested is held through its vivid, realistic pages till the dramatic end is reached. The plot is somewhat involved, but the author knows how to handle his subject, and but few signs of weakness are shown.

MEXICO. BY SUSAN HALE. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Another volume in the series, "The Story of the Nations," has appeared, and in all respects is equal to its predecessors. The subject is treated as if the author were thoroughly familiar with the subject. The description and the history are first dealt with, and the Toltecs, Mound Builders, the Chichimecs, the Aztecs and the early people are described, with the traditions and fables connected with them. Then the Golden Age, the advent of Cortes, and the effects of other civilizations upon the

Mexicans are discussed. The modern history is brought out very fully and carefully, and, at the end, the physical advantages and the future prospects are depicted. The book is embellished with many good engravings, and, like the others in the series, the typography and binding are excellent. The set will be, when completed, a very valuable one, and there is no doubt as to its success.

TOM BROWN AT RUGBY. THOMAS HUGHES. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

This famous story of life at one of England's great public schools is, in this series, "Classics for Children," presented to us in a new and attractive form. Its description of the spirit of Dr. Arnold's work, who, as head-master of Rugby School, carried out so successfully the development of the character as well as the intellect, is as well suited to these days of reforms in school methods as it was in the days it was written. The foot-notes here and there offer ample explanations to make it thoroughly understood by American young people, and the book is presented in a form that must be examined to be appreciated.

SHALL WE TEACH GEOLOGY? BY ALEXANDER WINCHELL. (CHICAGO: S. C. GRIGGS & Co.)

The writer, a professor in the University of Michigan, puts in a strong plea for teaching geology more generally and in a more practical way among our public schools. The subject is discussed from all standpoints, ethical and educational, in a large and interesting manner. The relation of geology to modern culture and civilization is ably pointed out. But the chief interest of the treatise lies in the fact that it covers the whole ground of contest between the sciences and the classics.

ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS. BY J. G. LOCKHART. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

These ballads are selected from among the many legends of the romantic period in Spanish history. The reader is carried back to the days of Don Rodrigo and the Cid. The verses are a free translation by one competent to do full justice to the spirit of the original. Each ballad is preceded by an account of its circumstances and historical connection. The volume is quite worthy of a place in the library beside its predecessors in the series.

ÆSOP'S FABLES. COLLECTED BY REV. THOMAS JAMES, M. A. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Our old friend Æsop has renewed his youth, and, arrayed in this his latest dress, asks admittance to Knickerbocker households. We wish him the best of success. If any have hesitated to receive him hitherto

on account of his garb, they will now find him unexceptionable. He knows how to entertain all classes equally well, with his talkative companions, the animals, as those who have met him do not need to be told.

LESSING'S PROSA. BY HORATIO STEVENS WHITE. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This volume is a welcome addition to the series of German Classics published by this firm. The selections have been made with fine discrimination by the editor, a professor at Cornell. They remind us that "Laocoon" is not the only work of Lessing's, who was as able a theologian as he was an art critic. The passages chosen are set under seven distinct heads and include a few fables, one of the "Letters on Literature," a defence of the Moravian Brethren and a parable in answer to one who assailed his views on Christianity. There are also dramatic criticisms, three dialogues on social matters, the book closing with a few private letters. The selections are well suited to give the reader a knowledge of the language and a proper idea of Lessing's relation to German literature, while the notes at the back add greatly to their value.

THE TESTIMONY OF JUSTIN, MARTYR TO EARLY CHISTIANITY.

BY GEORGE T. PURVES, D.D. (NEW YORK: A. D. F. RANDOLPH & Co.)

This volume consists of the lectures delivered on the L. P. Stone foundation in the Princeton Seminary a year ago. The many who listened with great pleasure to the lectures when given by the author will rejoice to have them in permanent form, and the reading of them will renew the regret that Dr. Purves did not see his way clear to the acceptance of the proffered chair of ecclesiastical history. The lectures form a valuable contribution to Christian apologetics. The first chapters, or lectures, have reference to early Christianity, its social and civil relations, the bearings of Gentile and Jewish Christianity, and the influence of philosophy on the early Church. The two closing chapters deal with more practical subjects for these times, giving the testimony of Justin to the New Testament, and to the organization and belief of the post-apostolic church. A spirit of honest search and fair dealing pervades the book, and this, with the clearness of expression and a masterly arrangement of thought, gives great weight to the conclusions reached. The publishers issue the book in their well-known handsome style.

KADY. BY PATIENCE STAPLETON. MIRIAM BALESTER. BY EDGAR FAWCETT. TWIXT LOVE AND LAW. BY ANNIE J. MILLER. (CHICAGO AND NEW YORK: BELFORD, CLARKE & Co.)

Three novels of the modern type, with sufficient plot and interest to while away a leisure hour, but with nothing of striking merit as literary

productions. The last named has a very unnatural and very false idea of the marriage bond, and goes into entirely unnecessary tragedy of fact and expression to reach its end, and it may be said of all that they are more dependent upon intensity of speech than upon skillful arrangement of situation and incident for the excitement which a novel is generally expected to produce. All of them have the proverbial rough road which love has to travel, but the first two conceal with superior skill the final outcome of their stories.

CALENDAR.

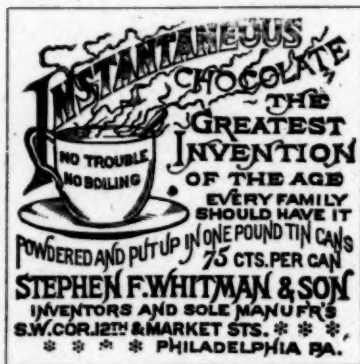
JAN. 26TH.—Temperance address by Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, in Second Presbyterian Church.

JAN. 31ST.—Day of Prayer. Addresses by Dr. John Hall, of New York.

FEB. 8TH.—Annual meeting of the New Jersey State Colonization Society in the Second Presbyterian Church. An address by the Hon. W. C. P. Breckenridge, of Kentucky.

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FEB. 12TH.—Dr. McCosh's lecture on "The Tests of Various Kinds of Truth."

FEB. 15TH.—Ivy Tea.....Glee Club Concert in Second Presbyterian Church.....Junior Promenade in University Hall.

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FEB. 18TH.—Dr. Patton's Library Meeting. Dr. McCosh read a paper upon "Competitive Examinations."

FEB. 22D.—Morning exercises. Freshman Orator, Bowder Phimzy, Ga.; Sophomore, P. C. Jones, O.; Junior, K. L. Ames, Ill.; Senior, T. C. Noyes, D. C..... Winter Athletic Meeting. Record of spring-board jump broken

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